



Module 2714 Practice module

1 hour

Passage A is a transcript of a real interview with a man in which he speaks about his childhood.

Passage B is from Charlotte Bronte's novel, "Jane Eyre" where Jane has an experience where she is unjustly punished at school.

Write a detailed comparison of the extracts, paying attention to –

- **the speakers' vocabulary, sentence structure and expression**
- **the differences between natural speech and fictional speech.**

Passage A

I would stand in the corner and he would always say (.) stand with your face to the wall (.) but the moment I did (indecipherable syllable) when I was standing with my face to the wall he would always come and he (.) used to have a big hand and he used to put down the back of my neck (.) em his fingers would move up and down the back of my neck and he would say (.) I'm going to wring this little scrawny neck of yours (.) and he'd say (.) drop your trousers you're going to get your bum smacked (.) and he used to warn me he used to say (.) do you know you're a naughty boy (.) and I used to say (.) yes sir (.) and he said and you know where naughty boys go (.) and I used to go no sir (.) naughty boys go to hell (.) now if you don't tell I won't tell (2) so (.) you never realised what was happening you was frightened to tell (.) your mum (.) you wouldn't tell your mates (.) your mates didn't know what had happened because you was always kept in the class (.) so there would only ever be (.) the one that he chose to punish left in the class (.) so (.) consequently schooling was a no no for me so (.) at any opportunity I would stay away



Passage B

I had sat well back on the bench, and while seeming to be busy with my sum, had held my slate in such a manner as to conceal my face: I might have escaped notice, had not my treacherous slate somehow happened to slip from my hand, and falling with an obtrusive crash, directly drawn every eye upon me; I knew it was all over now, and, as I stooped to pick up the two fragments of slate, I rallied my forces for the worst. It came.

"A careless girl!" said Mr. Brocklehurst, and immediately after--"It is the new pupil, I perceive." And before I could draw breath, "I must not forget I have a word to say respecting her." Then aloud: how loud it seemed to me! "Let the child who broke her slate come forward!"

Of my own accord I could not have stirred; I was paralysed: but the two great girls who sit on each side of me, set me on my legs and pushed me towards the dread judge, and then Miss Temple gently assisted me to his very feet, and I caught her whispered counsel -

"Don't be afraid, Jane, I saw it was an accident; you shall not be punished."

The kind whisper went to my heart like a dagger.

"Another minute, and she will despise me for a hypocrite," thought I; and an impulse of fury bounded in my pulses at the conviction.

"Fetch that stool," said Mr. Brocklehurst, pointing to a very high one from which a monitor had just risen: it was brought.

"Place the child upon it."

And I was placed there, by whom I don't know: I was in no condition to note particulars; I was only aware that they had hoisted me up to the height of Mr. Brocklehurst's nose, that he was within a yard of me, and that a spread of shot orange and purple silk pelisses and a cloud of silvery plumage extended and waved below me.

Mr. Brocklehurst hemmed.

"Ladies," said he, turning to his family, "Miss Temple, teachers, and children, you all see this girl?"

Of course they did; for I felt their eyes directed like burning- glasses against my scorched skin.

"You see she is yet young; you observe she possesses the ordinary form of childhood; God has graciously given her the shape that He has given to all of us; no signal deformity points her out as a marked character. Who would think that the Evil One had already found a servant and agent in her? Yet such, I grieve to say, is the case."

A pause--in which I began to steady the palsy of my nerves, and to feel that the Rubicon was passed; and that the trial, no longer to be shirked, must be firmly sustained.

"My dear children," pursued the black marble clergyman, with pathos, "this is a sad, a melancholy occasion; for it becomes my duty to warn you, that this girl, who might be one of God's own lambs, is a little castaway: not a member of the true flock, but evidently an interloper and an alien. You must be on your guard against her; you must shun her example; if necessary, avoid her company, exclude her from your sports, and shut her out from your converse. Teachers, you must watch her: keep your eyes on her movements, weigh well her words, scrutinise her actions, punish her body to save her soul: if, indeed, such salvation be possible, for (my tongue falters while I tell it) this girl, this child, the native of a Christian land, worse than many a little heathen who says its prayers to Brahma and kneels before Juggernaut--this girl is--a liar!"